

Leona



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Giuseppe Andrews





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.1

trailer park party

the music was soul,
James Brown, "Sex Machiene"
I danced with Mr.King,
he was not sitting in his van..
everyone was boozing and lickin
their wounds

it's a trailer park party full of
life..."trucks backen up" and "love
getten down"

piss coyote

.2

"And if you can't recall the
singer, you can still recall
the tune"

N.Diamond

tin angel

I heard someone in the middle
of the night, I floated outside
like a piss pot stench and saw
my neighbor underneath the
laundry room light

\$500.00

trailers in the mist

the Ventura fog rolls in over the
trailer park..it's rolling in like
people on the train..the palm trees
in full view and new motor homes
with the dead bums drinking and looken
at pussy and cleanen windows but it's
the hurt that does it

a drink

true words in the open
watcher the neighbors is the
only thing we got..the only
thing I can take seriously is
Van Morrison

I'm a trailer rat with nothing
but a dirty cock and a head of
hair that looks like some weeds
a sabra buried some oranges in

.4

blinds tang blues

the rash on my balls came back ...
today like an old friend and our

they show the trailer to their
parents and they vomit..the
dude's liven in scum...the mother's
twat faints and the dad sneaks
a drink rapped up in our u-haul

true words in the open all can
watchen the neighbors is the
only thing we got..the only
thing I can take seriously is
Van Morrison

I'm a trailer rat with nothing
but a dirty cock and a head of
hair that looks like some weeds
a zebra buried some oranges in

.5

the puntang blues

our trailer is surfing the sun...
our heart is an ashtray and our
toilet's our soul

I'm everything I am because
you killed me

memories rapped up in our u-haul
blanket..Oh Caroline...your
dad ain't shit..he's snail cum

rock the boat and the pirates
are sea sick and humping

.6

weak in deerfeild

it's the microphone of silence and
the deers are moving away..they
split..it's all over..clean the spiders
off the top of your rig and pull the fuck
out..all days flop like mainstream
potatoes and it's all we can do to
keep it withen..

Parliament funkadelic

.7

this time

kind woman, the drinks on me..
we'll bring the shed to it's
knees..fuck it into a pile of
shit..you're a rebel and you'll
never be worth a shit

I filmed the end of trailer park
existence..that's all...the way
people lived their lives..the
trailer becoming the person..the
cockroach in a trailer wall..that's
what i am and that's what i'll always
be and i love it..that's who i fucken
am..i was born in the trailer wall
and i'll die in the trailer wall..just
like a flying Key Largo cockroach

.8

emily rose

motor home and your sketch book..
Flamenco sketches all the way babe..
beautiful lips I could kiss for
hours..you're a mother fucken angel..
just like late night little rascal
episodes..dry humpen..not giving
two shits about the outside world..
we exist in the tin dungeon..with
our cheap champagne,our cigarettes,
and our love for each other..our
love dying like a transsexual with AIDS
infront of the White house..my little
emily rose..you're in Nebraska,all the
others declined..you're doin coke lines
in my mind

love,

Giuseppe

.9

everybody in denial

come along the road of the burned
tin..cheap rent and all the riddles
you can eat..busy in the glare of
Tee-ball and the Pussy wash..we're
drunk in the fucken sun..any of you
mother fuckers want to test me?

. 10

please, please, please

in the demon hut we're worth something
outside we're just beer cans melting..
overflowing on the ashtray breeze..
black speed dealer, another brick in
the wall

trailer park filmmaker..another peanut
in the turd

.11

leather dog

your fart is music to my ears..
we languish in the circle game..
afraid of being ourselves..we
fear the mass lung..death in Spain..
over the top and less is more left
wing video..dancing in the whore
house and fucking the folk garden..

sex on the dock

.12

neglect/fucken in Vegas

the reasons skim the water like
a laxative..in the fever we lose
feeling..lost in clams on ice and
real rooms..where the magnet pulls
the world in by the roots..leaving
the space where time dicks around
and misses the pulse of the sun..
world in the making

RACOONS

.13

the racoon

living behind the mask and eating
crumbs..trash and rolled gold..
can't be captured..free to wreck
lawns,free to fuck with our wild
dicks,free to never clean ourselves,
free to shit on sidewalks,free to
dance on cars,free to let our nails
grow long,free to bite every mother
fucker we see,free to scream,free to
run with our balls floppen in the wind,
free to be what we are,

RACOONS

sugar soap

the making of a truth left drowning..
calls and sushi..the people giving
tall man suits away..the window and
jars of wine..care for kicked in skulls..
the ride is free and easy..the bed
we drink in..thin and soft..the princess
and the pea..she's raped by Africans
and spits on her quest..to be involved
in the earth and what it produces out
of desperate jerk-offs is worth listening
to..

.15

friends on a fucked up roof

across wash board walls we scum up
our fate..inside the mildewed tomorrow..
universe breaking..and fuck the people
taking..low in the piss bowl..killing
friends..hurt the murderer and give the
heart stilts and let it fall..who
the fuck cares..let it all die or smile
and drink and let the rotted soul speak..
your choice

love, Giuseppe

.16

life in stores

assholes hanging in turnip water..
keep searching in apartments
made of cotton candy..her legs
are like meat on rice..and we
end in the middle...just like
two pilgrims eaten cup o'noodles

the years

with the days come the years..
but we must forget them..they're
nothing..justice and pain..lay
low and explore your eyes...the
razor...in the past there was
the future of gorgeous blood..
running in the sand and asking
for a chance to jump through
folded tears..in the bathroom
we explore our eyes

tin radio

country and lice..happy together..
quit and fold..all the rainbows
blew fire for starving dreams..
lighting the snake on fire was
the greatest thing I ever did..
I fucked the world in the mouth
with that one...

did you see it burn?..lighter
fluid and the roar of the crowd..
the snake burned and I was the
happiest I've ever been...

fuck that snake

negro chimes

black intestine,house of oreos..
moving radical laughs..strength
in numbers..investigate the
light show..living is the same
as dying..only you breath while
the can of soup is on..jamestown..
the negro chimes are important..
for the dung of scum is forever
.

hidden

the green driveway moving in the
blank taste..the last waltz..hearing
the wind howl and growing old..
digesting home air spray and feeling
in the way

Red corduroy

rebel without a cause..johnny guitar..
in a lonely place..the ashes hanging..
grey hair in the perfect world..hands
together..picture taped up..red pants
although they look like faded dirt..
black shirt..not cheap..the room where
you die..1975..my favorite director,
Nick Ray..one of the wild racoons..one of
us

poisen(burn your school down)

the knot you tied..your thoughts in
the knife fight...young cunts wearing
it out..cocks on a string..fucken
puppets..die in your mind and leave
your shit world behind..the last of
the mohair..the bar is closed and the
night just left you singing Joe Tex
songs..high as a mother fucker...spinning
webs..losing a friend..spilling the wine..
taking pictures in the dark.. pornos and
pasta..

.23

in the flesh(opium wound)

in the farmhouse gotten down..fucken
and sucken..wedding vow..a mile of
pain..in your world there's only achievement
and shame..in mine there's only booze
and rain..the sun bath of trust..pour
some radiation on me..the stereo barn..
shame on you girl,you're fucken and sucken
in the farmhouse,but I still need you

.24

Daughters of coffee

under the grave there's new skin and
freedom, learning to love again, foam
in the water..good morning sunshine,
juice and MTV..together like side orders..
learning to love again

London robe

hotel beers, the smiths, two minds fucken,
bullshit and couch chowder, dinner and
a movie..piss in the street, out the door
like a worthless dog, guitar, got my head
up my ass..telephone kisses..eat your
lover's soul and wipe off your chin
with his dirty underwear..the streets
of cold piss and books that should be
burned not learned..vomit in the tub
with all my love..tryed so hard..fuck
what you heard there's life in the
hearse..

. 26

i won't turn my back on the revolution for nights of hump

laughing at birds,
restless pimp,
turning point,
house on Leona,
music for whites,
cocaine savage,
movie crowd,
anger and spinach,
dead snails,
pain and pause,
motor home angel,
sex with my elders,
years of grief,
nicotine dildo,
hands down,
gorgeous jeans,
the life worth living,

i won't turn my back on the revolution for nights of hump

(part two)

the times are in the wine world
the bear sunken taco,
vacation. burn the beast,
lose your yesterday's kilt,
get together happy hour,
at birds. tell it to the judge,
that means hookers and 7-up
we let it finish talking,
Thanks Mar this kiss
spit in the face,
artificial shit,
more to see,
chains and pot,
for the good times

next in line

the times are in the urine wash..
the beat generation took a long
vacation..Sunset blvd.."pimps on stilts"
lose your mind in the urine wash and
get together with the guy who laughs
at birds.."The Big Takeover"..the song
that means the most to me...bay 24..
we let it flow..like alcoholics on a roll..
thanks Martha..we turned this mother out!

.29

split pea fuck up

walking through the land that drove
Carlos Saura away..busy with the
whip lash solitude..giving whores to
the pirates..the nation leaking poverty..
booze rocken the community..for some.
fucken reason they gave me a homeless
dinner..

.30

trailer days

the early breeze,
dead radio,
wine and oatmeal,
people's court,
letters under coins,
blue, blue, water
when is she riding her fat ostrich back into town?

.31

egyptian pill box hat

the fear of being recieved by the
lunatic lowlands..piece of the sun
dripping flowers from hell...the
fear of being killed in the lunatic
lowlands..going through time's road
map losing sleep and growing dead..
the lunatic lowlands in the dripping
world

dust bowl

so long demon sucker...just
like shit on the road we roam..
finding executors in the hut..
to the front of the heart jump..
time is silent..killing for our
own reasons..calling out to her
like a skunk in the strawberry
field

.33

show up late

letting life slip like chicken strips/
pulling you away from the wine tiger

ain't a damn thing changed (Marvin Gaye and Doris Day)

spent a day killing dreams..in the scum
morning letting people investigate loss
as an important feeling...it's the end
of our raging water summers

.35

holding on

she's a wind swept ponpom..Van Nuys dirt..
the mother sucks dick and the daughter
goes to work..

.36

the ghetto Pavorotti(poem for John)

a house that lights the trees
a beautiful raven in a pond full of
decapitated pigeons...a wild racoon

.37

leona

a house that lights the trees
a gate made of zebra shit and gold

son's restaurant..

.38

key largo (i just remembered)

a motel right out of a Bogart film..
hot nights..florida bay,hey,hey,hey!
ann's restaurant..

caravan

"sweet lady of the night..i shall
reveal you"

Van Morrison

"bend down and touch your toes,I'm
gonna show ya where my wild goose
goes"

giuseppe Andrews

.40

pig on the road

the skin is off..the pig in
his fucken helmet bleeding..
his power is gone..he's dying,
his family is own their own.

.41

juarez

thinken about my days in juarez..
the truck that got me there..the
vinyl roads where the snakes vomit...
juarez tattooed across my chest..
feeling like the best

snake fight in juarez,(written in a Carl's jr)

.42

party with the pusherman

there's got to be a way...to show
Todd Ice how to behave

.43

poem on a rope(the lizard king plays Vegas)
is everybody in?...good..eat shit!

.44

sweet Compton

"Born to lose"

Ray Charles

"Born to booze"

Giuseppe Andrews

. 45

washington

lost in the garbage moonscape,
morphine asshole,
i have a pet piranha that lives
in my ice box...he dries my tears

.46

france and folks

dinner and a movie..
time and space
woman on TV
let it bleed (rolling stones)

.47

hollywood's rotting cock

here it comes..crawling down the
street..hop on bitch!

. 48

beautiful earth surrounds me
the sun is a whore with piss in her pants

.49

toothpick (explore your world)

10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1....

the night has begun!

END

"and if you can't recall the singer..
you can still recall the tune..

come dry your eyes..let
your song out,it's a new
born afternoon"

Neil Diamond

photos: *judaysia*

Ventura Highway, 1999

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